



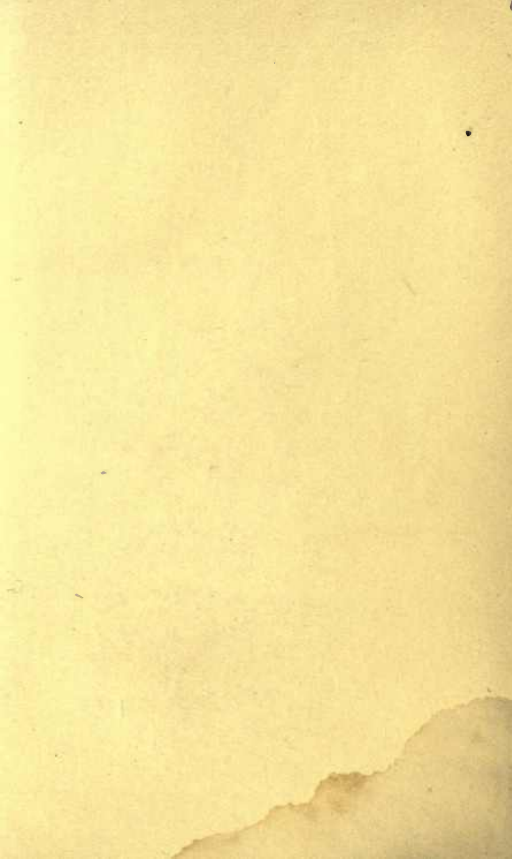
HARRY  
BURNE.

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CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION



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LOS ANGELES







THE  
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They were delighted at the pleasure they saw sparkle in his eye when they presented him with the animal, which both they and he hoped might restore his sister to her former health.— ag°

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# HARRY BURNE.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.



London :

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
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## HARRY BURNE.

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MR. HAMPTON, a clergyman residing in the north of Ireland, was born to an abundant fortune ; but circumstances, which it is needless here to enumerate, left him, at his father's death, possessed only of excellent talents, the kindest heart, an independent spirit, and a curacy.

His loss of fortune he regretted chiefly because it deprived him of all power to continue that assistance to the surrounding poor, which they so much required, and which his family had hitherto liberally bestowed.

But his was not a mind to remain inactive under the loss of one means of usefulness, whilst so many others were still open to him. He resolved, since he was

himself prevented the happiness of relieving his fellow-creatures, that he would devote his life to the instruction of youth, and endeavour to give those, who might have more power, the will which he possessed. He was confirmed in this determination by some friends, who, seeing him so well fitted for such a task, wished to place their sons under his care,—a plan which they preferred to sending them to public seminaries, where, from the number of scholars to be taught, it is often impossible that each child should receive the attention which is necessary.

Mr. Hampton was resolved his pupils should excel, if any pains of his could make them do so: and that he might have more time to bestow on each, he determined to take no more than six scholars into his house at once.

He was but twenty-six when he commenced this arduous undertaking, to which, even at that early age, he cheerfully and zealously devoted his whole time and attention; and from that moment, until the period when the following circumstances

occurred, it was never observed that the children committed to his charge looked on him in any other light than that of an indulgent and affectionate father.

The house in which he resided (near to the well known port of Donaghadee) was situated within a pleasant walk of the sea-side, which, during their play-hours, was the favourite haunt with the set of young students who inhabited the mansion at the time our history commences.

In passing a cottage which stood near the beach, the little group had frequently observed a poor but decent looking young man sitting at the door, engaged with unusual eagerness in carving into a particular shape small pieces of wood, which he cut from a block close by him.

On the same bench generally sat an interesting looking girl of about seventeen, who appeared in extreme ill-health, but who was busily employed in polishing the bits of wood, which her companion from time to time threw into her lap.

For upwards of a month the boys never passed the cottage without seeing this pair

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occupied in the same manner, save that, when the evenings were cold and damp, the girl sat within doors, while her companion worked without. He seemed anxious also, at these times, to make her lay aside her industry, and often refused to take her in the pieces of wood she asked for, saying, they had more work finished than would be called for till Christmas.

The boys felt their curiosity excited by seeing two grown persons pursuing with such eagerness an employment which appeared to them so childish; but having no excuse for opening a wicket which enclosed a little court before the cottage, or for going in to observe them more closely, they remained long ignorant of the nature of their employment. At length, however, they all agreed to walk to the cottage in the forenoon of their next holiday, and if the young people still continued their occupation, to make some apology for the intrusion, and not to come away without discovering what their work was.

The morning was fine on which they set out for their rambles, but on reaching,

the little gate, they found it locked, the cottage door shut, and the bench empty.

"How provoking!" cried Henry Merle, one of the elder boys, to his disappointed but more patient companions. "There can be no harm in vaulting over the hedge," continued he, "just to see what those pieces of wood are like, which lie scattered about the bench;" and before the words were well uttered, he had some of them in his hand.

They were bits of black oak, evidently meant to represent a shamrock leaf, and though broken and cast away, they seemed carved with the utmost neatness; but Henry was as much at a loss to discover their use as ever.

He was himself very ingenious, and like most other people, felt his interest doubly excited towards a person who seemed to possess a taste in unison with his own.

His dispositions were amiable, and his talents good, but it is here necessary to add, that these qualifications were rendered useless by a habit of haste and thoughtlessness, which was apparent in everything

he did. No boy in school could get his lesson so quickly as Henry Merle ; but knowing this, he would lounge over his book, indulging some flight of fancy, until a few minutes before the lesson should be said.

Lessons so learned, however fluently said, could never teach habits of attention and reflection, which are amongst the chief advantages derived from study. In these acquirements, Merle was observed to improve less than any of his school-fellows. He had unfortunately heard his father once repeat a remark, which is not more false than it is dangerous, "that men of talent are apt to run in debt to time, trusting to their wits to pay the arrears." Merle therefore imagined, that to adopt this plan would be to prove himself a man of talent. Accordingly, whatever might be the occupation in which he engaged with his companions, he allowed them all to get the start of him at first, trusting to his adroitness for overtaking in the end. And this vain confidence in his abilities, which he took for courage, often tempted him to

run into difficulties, from which he seldom escaped without severe mortification.

"These leaves are beautiful," said he to himself, as he examined one of the shamrocks which he held in his hand; "I could help the young man in his work, I am sure, if I but knew how it was finished. I will just put my head through the window, it opens so easily, and look at these others which hang over the fire-place."

The leaves, however, which hung there in little festoons, looked so tempting, that Henry was in the room before his friend Edward Hilton could call to him that the poor sick girl was probably in the house, and might be terrified by his sudden entrance.

At the same moment the cottager came to the gate, which he hastily unclosed, set down a small basket he had been carrying, leaped in after Henry, whom he had seen enter, and pushing him aside with indignation, ran forward to a pallet, which Merle had not observed before, saying in a soothing and affectionate voice, "Nancy, achree! it is me that's here: sure, woman, you

wouldn't be frightened for one of the school-boys ; he didn't know you were here, I'll warrant, and will not harm you."

The invalid raised herself from her straw pallet, with the intention of assuring them both she was not alarmed ; but the trembling frame and inarticulate accents soon brought Merle to a sense of the indiscretion he had committed ; shame getting the better of the surprise into which he was at first thrown by the young man's entrance, he stammered out an assurance, that he only wanted to look at the festoons on the chimneypiece, and leaped out to his friend Hilton, who had come forward to bring him away.

"Had you not better stay and ask," whispered Hilton, "if we could be of any use to these poor people?"

"I should rather you would do it," answered Merle, who felt really shocked at the effect his rashness seemed to have produced on the poor emaciated sufferer ; but before either could summon courage to ask the question, the young man shut down the window, and, after speaking again



to Nancy, came out to the bench to recommence his work.

Seeing the culprit still stand there, he said, in a steady but respectful tone of voice, "Young gentleman, you look so sorry for frightening my poor sister, that I am bold to hope you will not be angry if I ask you and your companions just to walk softly past the end of our cottage, in the mornings when you go to bathe ; it's little sleep she gets, poor thing ! by night or day, and sometimes you rouse her out of the first she has had for many nights together."

"We will keep at a distance on the grass in future ; and I wish we knew any thing else we could do, that would be of the least use to your sister," cried Merle.

"Thank you, sir, thank you kindly," replied the cottager ; and after pausing a few seconds, his face brightening, as if with the hope that they might be of service to him, he continued, "I am strong and able to work, and I was brought up to a good trade, by which I might easily earn bread enough for both myself and my sister, but

I cannot find in my heart to leave her, and go to a distance, in search of employment: so I'll just make free to tell you the only way of living we have at present, and how I think you might be of use to us both, since you are so kind as to wish it."

"One day as I sat beside Nancy, thinking how I would manage to keep her from want, when our last shilling was spent, and idling over this piece of old oak that I found in the bog hard by, cutting it into twenty shapes for want of better to do: 'Make me some more of them pretty leaves, Harry,' says she, 'and I'll show you what we'll do with them, that will, perhaps, bring us a little money.'"

Here he took from his basket some of the festoons which had tempted Merle to commit the rudeness for which he was now so sorry, and showed them to the boys: "I had cut the bits of stick into that form, at first without any design; then from single leaves I began to cut them into shamrocks, and as fast as I could make them, she tied them up in this manner, and brought them to this nice polish with

a little chalk and turpentine and constant rubbing; and we both began to think that, with more pains and practice, we could make some that would be pretty enough to offer for sale, as necklaces for the *quality* that like wearing such things.

“ We worked late and early, until we had finished one to please us; then I took it down to Mr. Bonner, at the Soole, (it’s him that keeps the pleasure-boat upon the water, and that’s kind and good to every body,) and I asked *him* to try and get it sold for Nancy, to some of the company he took out pleasuring with him in his boat. So he was as kind as could be, and praised the necklace out of measure, and desired me to bring him more when we could get them made, and he mostly got one or two sold for us every month this half-year past, which enables me to get her a little nourishment. But poor Mr. Bonner has been ill this fortnight, and when I went down to-day with the last necklace we made, I found there had been none sold since he grew bad, and that there were many lying on our hands. God bless him ! it was his

good word that made our work go off; and now poor Nancy will have nothing to live on but the dry potatoe and salt until he gets afoot again. Lord be praised for that itself!"

"That shall not be the case," cried all the boys at once, for they had all crept forward, on seeing their two companions on such amicable terms with the owner of the cottage. "I think," said Hilton eagerly, "we could each contrive to get one necklace sold for you, and we will, at all events, try to do what we can."

The honest cottager thanked them all for their kindness, and declared they could not do him a greater service.

It was immediately agreed amongst them, that at the midsummer holidays, which were to commence in a few days, each boy should take home a necklace, and ask some member of his family to become the purchaser; and it would be hard to say whether the poor young peasant, or his youthful friends, seemed most elated by the proposal. The boys then left him with an assurance of returning the following week, and led

him to share in the hope which they entertained, that they would not bring back one of his necklaces unsold.

“Don’t be afraid, Harry, I will take care to make the boys steal past the cottage, so that Nancy shall never be disturbed again,” said Merle, as he followed his companions through the gate, forgetting at the moment a wise injunction of his master’s, that he should not venture to make any promise, until he had subdued that thoughtlessness of character, which made all persons doubtful whether he would fulfil his engagements or not.

“God bless you, sir, for that promise, more than all the rest,” said the cottager; and as the boys departed, he hastened in to communicate to his sister their good fortune. He found her in a quiet sleep, and returned to resume his work, saying to himself, “Now if I could manage to get her a drop of milk every day, till the young gentlemen return.”

“Oh! the Lord lighten their hearts in the time of need, and keep that time far off,” exclaimed he in ecstasy as he per-

ceived, lying on the bench, six small deposits of money, and saw his generous young friends again hastening past a great thorn-tree, which grew in the corner of the little enclosure before his door.

He quickly collected the treasure, and found it fully sufficient to supply his sister's wants for more than the time the boys were to be absent; then fastening the wicket after him, with a light and thankful heart he ran to a neighbouring farm to procure her some food by the time she should awaken.

No less joyous were the boys, when, fairly past the cottage, they began to indulge in that feeling of happiness which is ever produced by a consciousness of being useful. They bounded along the path, forgetful at the moment that there were any other creatures in existence besides the cottager, his sister, and themselves.

"You never laid your money better down than on that stone bench," said an old man, who overtook them on their way; "there's not an honester working lad in the parish than Harry Burne, and it's no

wonder for him, for he's come of honest parents, as may be seen by himself and his sister, poor thing; it's her that's sick in the house,—I warrant ye did not see her?"

The last part of the sentence, which was intended for a question, received no other reply than by Merle's quickly asking, who her parents were?

"Do you see yon pretty white house, with the two square chimneys, over there at the Braefoot? Well! her father and mother lived there in times past; and well they lived, with their sixteen acres of land, their three cows, and a horse for the plough. An' it's them that bred their children in the fear of God, and gave them the best education to boot, which the parish afforded. But where's the house or home that didn't grieve after health or wealth last year? And as for them, God's name be blessed! they grieved for both. The father was out night and day, striving to save the crops from the rain; and, when they were all destroyed, to kiln-dry some straw for the poor dumb beasts, that



couldn't find a dry rood of ground on the whole farm, to lay their side upon. But what with wet clothes, and want of firing, he took bad with a cold, and went to his bed; and, at last, with fretting for one thing or another, to himself be it told, he turned it to the typhus fever, and the good wife took it off him; and when he came to himself (for he was like one out of his right mind, and still raved about the crops and the children), he found the wife clean dead, and Harry, whose last journey had been to the graveyard with his mother, was down in the fever too.

"So Dennis (as there was nobody to cast an eye after anything) just thought he must run out and take a look about the farm, and the cattle, and all his other affairs; but not a praty-rig\* had he, that wasn't up to the shoe-mouth under water, and not a horn or hoof alive, at all, at all, upon the land: so he gives a groan (it was myself that met him at the house door, just as he was coming in), 'and fien be in them cares, now the wife's dead,' says he,

\* Potatoe ridge.



‘if the poor children had but a mouthful of bread to eat;’ and with that he staggers back to his bed, and somehow or another he sickened over again, as bad as ever, and never got up more.

“That very night week, when my wife was helping this poor heart-broken Nancy to lay him out, ‘O Molly,’ says she,—and she was a young thing too to take sorrow so much to heart,—‘O Molly, why does not this fever take me that was always frail and useless? but I hope it’s me that you will be laying out next, if my sins are forgiven. Harry, thank God, is coming finely through all,’ she added, and as if she was sorry that he was coming through, that was the first tear she shed since her mother died. My wife thinks the poor thing had the fever herself all the time, but because she was doney\* by nature, it did not seize on her as it did on the strong ones of the family, and she would never give up tending the father, and mother, and Harry, while she had a foot to stand on. Troth, I’m feared it will take all her

\* Weak.

brother's care to keep her out of a decay. He, poor fellow, was forced to throw up the farm, and sell all the plenishing, to pay the arrear rent, and what money was due for all the medicine and victuals they had got in their sickness. It was a neighbour and friend of his own that lent him this waste cottage, for the season, to see if Nancy would recover her health in it, before they went to travel."\*

"She shall recover her health," cried Merle, switching the grass as he walked along, to drive away the melancholy with which he felt the old man's tale was likely to impress him. "My father is a physician, and he shall tell me what will cure here."

"You're surely not so old as you look, young man, that speak so thoughtless," said the mendicant with a stern air (for such he really was, notwithstanding the freedom of his manner.) "If it be not God's will, she'll not recover for your father, nor for all the doctors in Ireland, and there's a many of them."

\* A term for going to beg.

Merle acknowledged the justice of the reproof, and they all hastened forward to recount to their kind master the adventures of the morning.

As they approached Mr. Hampton's enclosure, the whole group were attracted by a beautiful goat, the joint property and equal favourite of them all, which ran forward to meet them, repeating her wonted call, to welcome their return.

The younger boys forgot everything, to run in search of a car and harness, in which they were fond of driving her about the avenue. After caressing her for some time, with a countenance on which it is difficult to say whether pain or pleasure was most marked, Edward hinted to his companions, that when one of his sisters was supposed to be in danger of consumption, she had received much benefit from drinking goat's whey.

The idea was no sooner suggested, than they all proposed to resign their right in Nanny to her poor namesake; not without apprehension that the two boys, who just then advanced with the car, would hardly listen to their proposal.

The moment it was made, however, one of them said, he had heard Mr. Hampton complain that she destroyed all his trees. The other, flinging away the reins which were already in the animal's mouth, and drawing himself up a little, protested he had long been thinking they were all too large for this sort of play, and that the goat had better be resigned to Nancy. Nanny, however, got many a wistful look and kind word from each of her old friends, ere they proceeded to announce to Mr. Hampton her destination.

They found him at the gate, talking to their friend Canty Maguire, the beggarman, who had been a parishioner of his own, and was amongst the many sufferers who had been driven from a comfortable home by the late calamitous season. From him he had already learned the circumstances of their visit to the cottage; where, unseen or unheeded by the boys, he occupied a seat, which he had appropriated to himself under the thorn tree, in Harry's court-yard, and where he had been a quiet observer of all that passed.

“Troth,” added he, when his story was finished, “Harry would fain keep me sitting with him the whole day long under the thorn tree, while he is at work, to chat about his father and mother, and times long syne, which the poor lad says makes him work the harder for Nancy.”

Mr. Hampton, who wished to teach his pupils both to think and act for themselves on every occasion, resolved to leave the care of this family in their own hands, so long as he saw them proceed judiciously in the management of it. He, therefore, made no other comment on the story, but to commend Harry Burne’s good temper, in not driving them from his house, on seeing it so unjustifiably entered, and to express his approbation of their plan for disposing of Nanny and the necklaces. He also offered them to assist, if they wished, in trying to get the latter sold, or in any other way in which they chose to make him useful to them.

The boys eagerly caught at his offer, and begged leave to return that evening to take Nanny to her mistress, and to get some more necklaces to dispose of.

“What!” said Mr. Hampton, “before you have parted with those you have already in your possession? I advise you to think twice before you do either of these things: and recollect, it is not how you can most speedily serve these young people, that you are to consider, but how you can most lastingly and effectually be of use to them. However, you have my ready consent to the walk; and I am only sorry I cannot offer to lend you my purse, which is to-day quite empty, as I fear these poor people must suffer want.”

The boys smiled and blushed, but remained silent.

“Hoot, lads!” cried the beggar, “you should not let the gentleman fret for want of money on their account, that never fretted for it on his own. Troth, sir,” said he, turning to Mr. Hampton, “I saw enough laid beside Harry’s door this morning to keep want or hunger off these ten days.”

“Why,” said Mr. Hampton, in an affectionate manner, which was usual with him when he wished to correct an error, ‘why

are you, my dear boys, unwilling to acknowledge, if any good reason calls for the discovery, that you gave your money to relieve a fellow-creature from distress?"

He paused for a reply ; and Merle, who in this instance spoke the sentiments of the whole party, said, "that, for his part, he thought it would appear like boasting, to tell he had given Harry money."

"You must then consider it something to boast of," said Mr. Hampton : "I saw you, Henry, the other day, observe with surprise Mr. G——'s strange gesticulation, when a certain flattering person asked him how much money he had laid out that year on alms. Did you think his manner bespoke much humility?"

"No," said Merle laughingly, "not at all ; he winked and nodded, and signed for silence, and tried, for his very life, to look modest and humble ; but I thought he would have succeeded much better if he had answered, as you did, when the same person attempted to flatter you by asking the same question,—that you gave no more



than your fortune afforded, or your duty required."

"I never wish you to remark on the manners of those around you, Henry, except for example and warning, with the design that you should avoid whatever is wrong, and try to imitate what is right. For me, I consider the desire to relieve distress, wherever we meet it, as so common a propensity, I had almost said so selfish a gratification, that I am generally inclined to doubt the humility of those who seem to apprehend that it should call forth any particular commendation."

Having, shortly after this conversation, reached the house, the boys took some time to consider why Mr. Hampton disapproved of their taking Nanny home that night; and, after a short deliberation, it struck Hilton that she would only be a burden to Harry until her kid was born; and that if they should be unable to sell all the necklaces, or get a smaller price for any of them than they expected, she would then be some compensation for the disappointment



They were all again around Mr. Hampton in a few minutes, to say, they had given up thoughts of their walk; and to beg that he would allow them to send Alice, the gardener's daughter, with some milk and medicine to their patient. This request was readily granted; after which, they spent the evening, and the next day, in preparations for their several journeys, and in anticipating the pleasures which awaited them amongst their relatives and friends at home.

It was so late in the evening of their arrival, when the boys were all returned to school, after their vacation, that it was six o'clock the following morning before they found themselves on the way to Harry Burne's cottage.

They had not proceeded far, when Merle recollected that he wished to add something, by way of peace-offering, from his own pocket, to a sum of money which his father had given him for one of the necklaces. He now, however, found that he had left his purse behind at the parsonage,

safely packed up at the bottom of his trunk. He paused for a moment, to consider what he should do; then crying out, "Oh, I may trust to my speed for overtaking them all," he ran back for the intended gift.

"I shall want something for nurse," he said, as he reckoned the contents of his purse, "and something for old Tom the gardener, and a new ribbon for his pretty daughter, who made us the nice harness for Nanny:" and, by the time he had settled how much he could spare for Harry Burne, he found it would require all his agility to overtake his friends before their arrival at the cottage. He did not, in fact, reach them, until they had gained the favourite thorn, from whence they saw Harry, already at his work, sitting with a cordial smile, watching them as they crept cautiously over the ground past Nancy's window.

"Stop," shouted Merle, as loudly as the swiftness of his pace, and want of breath would allow; "Stop, boys; wait for me, I say, why do you not wait for me?" He was brought, however, to his recollection

by seeing them all place their fingers on their lips, as, vexed and disappointed, they perceived, by Harry's turning suddenly into the cottage, that poor Nancy had been disturbed: and he flung himself upon a stone which lay at the foot of a thorn tree outside the hedge, resolving not to appear.

Edward instantly came back, and declared they had never missed him on the way, or that they would certainly have waited for him; but, with something of the irritation which persons who feel themselves in fault are frequently disposed to vent on others, he declared his determination of not going any further, and throwing down the money to be delivered to Harry Burne, he rudely turned his back upon his friend. Edward, seeing his companions already at the door, took the parcel in some surprise, and followed them.

The anxious cottager rose, with a flush of expectation and pleasure, to receive them all. "Thank you kindly, gentlemen, thank you kindly, for minding\* poor Nancy: you will be proud to see her now looking so

\* Remembering.

purely in the mornings, when you pass," said he, with a more respectful bow than the boys had ever received in their lives before.

They expressed their joy at his sister's amendment, and each presented his offering of money, which, when collected together, seemed to the overjoyed and speechless Harry, a sum sufficient to supply all his wants.

Large tears rolled down his cheeks before he could exclaim, "Och, father! your children will not want bread now: and, Nancy, dear! ye'll get a bedstead to keep you off the cold ground, and warm clothing to cover you, and plenty to eat, and a whole roof over your head. God be good to them that sent it!"

"Did she require so many necessaries?" cried the boys, who knew not why they were half inclined to shed tears too.

"Try if you have money enough to do so much," said Edward Hilton.

"I'll warrant you, sir: there's twenty shillings, will put clothes upon herself; and three half-crowns will buy timber for

the bedstead ; then the roof, plague on it ! it will take two collar-braces, which will be six thirteens ;\* and a pair of blades will be half-a-guinea, and the ribbery for the weather-side of the house, that will be five hogs ;† and the watling and the thatch, that will be a full pound more : that's three pound eleven and five pence," cried Harry, having calculated as he went along so rapidly, that the boys could scarcely depend upon his accuracy. "Oh thank you all ! there's nine-and-twenty shillings over ; that will keep us, not rich, but well to live, till more comes in."

"Would that be enough to buy yourself a coat, Harry ?" asked Edward.

"Thank your honour," replied he, bowing as low as if he had received a present of a new one ; and glancing a half ashamed look at the tattered garment on his back, "This coat will do just well enough ; and I'll be after going to the fair in the morning, to buy a goat. There was one here

• A thirteen is an English shilling, that is, thirteen pence Irish.

† A hog is likewise an English shilling.

yesterday, said her milk would be pure good for Nancy, and he offered me her grazing on the whinny brae below : but I little thought I would so soon come at the price of her."

"You must not mind the goat, Harry," replied Edward, "we have provided one for you, and our companion, who was so sorry for frightening your sister the other day, means to bring it to you this evening. Here is the money for his necklace, which I forgot to give before."

"God bless him and you both ! I hope the young gentleman is well," said Harry ; "myself missed him all along, but was loath to ask, lest you should think I was looking for more, after all you did for me."

Merle, who, during this dialogue, sat with his head bent, so as not to be visible over the little hedge, mortified at his own thoughtlessness, disappointed at not presenting his own offering, and thrown off his guard by his friend Hilton's generosity, could neither restrain his tears nor conceal his vexation.

"Oh !" he cried, "when will Mr. Hamp-

ton teach me to think twice before I act ? I was the first to promise caution in passing Nancy's window, and the only one to forget that promise : I shall never equal Edward, or the youngest boy at school, in reflection or steadiness."

"Troth will you," said a voice from under the tree at the inside of the fence : "I never saw the body yet couldn't mend himself of a fault, when once it vexed him."

Merle started up at the sudden rejoinder, not at first understanding from whence the voice proceeded, and on rising was immediately perceived by Burne.

"You're surely not thinking of the day I pushed you so rudely by me, Master Merle, when you'll not come inside the gate," said Harry, cordially advancing towards him.

"No, Harry, but I'm thinking how I forgot your sister to-day, when all the other boys remembered her, and that has made me ashamed to go in," returned the self-condemned Henry.

"Never vex your kind heart for that," said the honest cottager : "it would do

her more harm to see you fretting about it."

"Don't stop the lad to fret a bit," cried the voice from beneath the tree: "troth, it will just take the spur from his heel the next time he rides on a fool's errand."

"Oh, whist! Cauty, whist!" said Harry, indignantly, "ye did not hold the reins so tight yourself, when ye kept the school at the Burn Foot, or I would have been a brave scholar now, and a better lad too."

Poor Merle was the only boy who was not much amused by the old schoolmaster's bluntness; and he was by no means sorry when they all took leave, promising to return in the evening with Nanny, whose kid was now a few days old.

"Arrived at home, he employed the remainder of his play hours in finishing a very curious little edifice, which his father had taught him to construct, in imitation of one he had seen used by a goat-herd on the Pyrenees. It was made of coarse wicker-work, formed into five flat leaves, which were interlaced at intervals, with strong cords, in such a manner that, by



pulling the cords in the proper direction, each leaf moved into its right place, and from lying one on the top of the other in a flat and portable shape, they could be in a moment erected into a comfortable shelter against the inclemency of the weather. Mr. Merle had frequently seen the goat-herd above mentioned raise a shed of this kind over some sick or injured animal that he wished to defend from the cold ; and Henry was never satisfied with hearing a description of it, until he became so perfectly master of its mechanism, as to be able to undertake the manufacture of one for his own favourite goat.

The performance had been kept a profound secret from all the boys except Edward Hilton, who assisted him in preparing the edifice ; and Mr. Hampton had kindly permitted them to carry on the manufacture in his own workshop. It had now been several months in progress, and Henry was that evening not the least happy of the party, whilst balancing the great wicker platform on his head, and maintaining a profound silence, he followed

his laughing and inquisitive companions to the cottage. Here they found Harry seated.

The enjoyment anticipated on the completion of their task had long formed the subject of delightful contemplation to both of the ingenious mechanics, and while the secrecy they had felt it incumbent on them to maintain, had served still further to whet their anticipations for the future, they had indulged in many congratulations between themselves, as they showed to each other the different merits of their work as it approached towards completion. They pulled the cords again and again to see that it worked according to their design, and delighted in gazing on the comfortable looking shelter that it made when erected for use. On reaching the cottage, they found Harry seated on the bench, with Canty Maguire by his side; and were delighted at the pleasure they saw sparkle in his eye, when they presented him with the animal, which both they and he hoped might restore his sister to her former health.

“I’ll just run in for Nancy to thank you

herself," said he, as if he thought his own gratitude an inadequate return.

As she came forward to do so, the boys could not help thinking he must be mistaken in supposing her better ; for, as they compared her wasted frame and pallid cheeks with the stout and healthy forms of the sisters from whom they had lately parted, they began to fear their present came too late to be of use. The poor girl, however, seemed delighted with the gift ; and at their departure sat down on the bench to watch them, as, followed by Harry and the good old beggarman, they led Nanny to her pasture on the whinny brae.

"Long may they enjoy their health !" she cried. "Long, long may it be, before they see their parents laid in the cold ground ! Mine would bless them now, could they see what trouble they are taking for their poor Nancy."

The party had by this time gained the hill ; and one of the boys, suddenly recollecting himself, declared they had forgotten a tether for Nanny, without which she would certainly follow them home again ;

whilst another, with a sorrowful countenance, begged Harry Burne to build her a little shed, as she had always been accustomed to shelter at night.

"Never mind," said Merle, who was now busily engaged fastening to her horn a cord which was attached by a swivel to his platform; "never mind, she will not desire to stir from this by and by. Come here, Edward," added he; "knock those iron spikes, which you see at the two far corners of this wicker table of mine, firmly into the ground." Hilton obeyed. Henry then, having all prepared, pulled the cords, and up rose the fabric like the castles of old in Fairy Land. Two other spikes being then knocked down at the two front corners, to keep the edifice fast, Nanny, who had been frequently introduced to it as an inmate before, marched into the door with stately crest, followed by her little offspring, and stretched herself out to rest. Henry explained the construction of it to all the party, and showed Harry how it could easily be moved to any fresh or sheltered side of the hill.

The boys were all in astonishment: Harry, who examined the work minutely, was full of admiration; and the wonder of old Canty Maguire was only equalled by his volubility. "Well, well," cried he, "sure enough, the ingeniousness of man flags\* the world for invention!"

"Barring† the bees," he added, after a pause; "but to be sure, they beat‡ the universe."

Here all the boys, having already lingered too long, hastened off to give vent to the laughter which their own glee and Canty's Irish phraseology excited.

The boys continued, from time to time, to get some of the necklaces disposed of for Harry, through Mr. Hampton's assistance; and the cottage, with its new thatch and better furniture, especially when its youthful owners sat at the door in their new clothes, assumed a look of comfort, which never failed to inspire the young people with fresh spirits, as they passed on their daily visit to Nanny on the hill.

\* Surpasses.

† Excepting.

‡ Surpass.

In a little time they became disappointed at perceiving no change in Nancy's health. They observed also that Harry, notwithstanding his improved condition, had lost all heart, as he termed it himself, about his sister. By his own ingenuity, and the profits of his work, he had, however, been able to purchase implements, and make himself a turning lathe, with which he soon became an expert and successful mechanic; and was well pleased to renounce his former occupation, which, from its trifling nature, had been extremely irksome to his active and industrious turn of mind.

His young friends were one evening taking him the product of the last necklace he had made, hoping, at the same time, to get a lesson in turning, with which he often good-naturedly indulged them, when, going as usual softly round the cottage, for fear of disturbing Nancy, they saw her sitting on the bench, resting her head on her hand.

In a voice of more than usual energy, she conversed with her brother, who stood

leaning against the cottage, listening to her with an air of such deep attention and distress, that the boys felt unwilling to disturb them by advancing.

Whilst they stood silently gazing on the scene, and watching Nanny, who, dragging her tether along, cropped the young shrubs unheeded by her master, they caught the sound of Nancy's voice, as she thus expostulated :—

“Sure, Harry, it's not now you are to be told her milk can do me no good; and, dear, it's long I have been wishing to tell you, there is but one thing can do me any good.”

“What's that, Nancy?” asked her brother, in a voice almost stifled with emotion.

“Just to see you blithe and happy as you used to be, and able to part from me without a thought of grieving.”

Harry sat down on the bench beside her, and trying to suppress his sobs, “Oh!” cried he, “my father, on his deathbed, bid me take care of you, Nancy. Is there no way I can do his bidding?”

“What have you been doing ever since

he left me to your care, but doing his bidding?" answered she; "and now when you find that all your care will not do, it would vex me, dear, to see you fret against the will of God. Sure, Harry, you should not grieve to see your sister go where she would rather be herself; for yon kid, that's bleating on the brae, does not long more after its mother than I do after mine; and, dear, I think with more joy this night of going to my grave, than any bride thinks of going to her bridal. You're strong and healthy, and may have many a rough blast to blow over you yet, my brother. But you must rouse up your strength, dear, and ask God to enable you to bear them all,—to bear them," she added, "as a Christian ought; and, I hope, when you are on your deathbed, Harry, you will know the joy that's in my heart to-night, though I cannot tell it to you now.

"Poor Nanny!" she continued, patting the animal's head, which at this moment laid itself down at her feet, "your milk could not cure me, as your young masters intended; but I wish they knew how much



pleasure their care and kindness gave me in my sickness.

"But come," she continued, in a still more cheerful tone, as she saw her brother sunk in affliction, "come, Harry, let us go in and have our supper; you see how well I am to-night, since I am talking so much. It may be, we are farther from the parting than either of us think." Her brother was not deceived; but he arose and followed her, and the boys, struggling with the tears which trickled down many of their faces, stole from their hiding-place, and returned home.

Mr. Hampton, who had learned from old nurse that Nancy could not recover, proposed to accompany his pupils the next morning to pay her an early visit, and to assure her, that her brother should never want a friend whilst he was near. Glad of any thing which might bring comfort to the sufferer, the boys scarcely waited for the dawning of a fine September morning, before they knocked at their master's door, and claimed his promise. He did not blame their impatience, was soon ready to join

them, and the party speedily arrived at their destination. On turning round the cottage, they perceived Harry standing in the door-way, gazing on the sun now rising before him.

"They'll never wake her more!" sighed he, as he observed them stealing past her window with their accustomed caution; but he stood with a look of such serene composure, that the boys flocked around him, supposing his sister must be better. Their friend, however, read in his countenance, not the expression of hope, but of patient and manly resignation to the will of God.

He seemed afraid to trust his voice with speech, but moved respectfully aside to invite their entrance.

Mr. Hampton guessed at the scene which awaited them, and thinking it would probably impress the too thoughtless minds of some of his pupils with serious reflection, he pressed the young man's hand in silence, and passed into the chamber, followed by his little flock.

"How beautiful she looks in that quiet sleep," whispered one of the younger boys,

who, struck with a mingled sensation of surprise and awe, seized Mr. Hampton's hand, and endeavoured to stop him as he approached the bed: "shall we not disturb her, sir, by going nearer?" he said.

"No, my dear child, we have not even that to apprehend," said Mr. Hampton; and then, drawing the boy gently forward, he continued:—

"Do not fear to approach with me, and observe how calmly *they* repose whom God has taken to himself! Can any of you, my young friends, fear death, when you see it in this lovely form, and have it in your power to die as happily?"

"Death!" cried the boys with one voice, "can she be really dead?" and with all their faculties riveted on one object, they drew eagerly, but gently round her bed. The curtains, which they had seen with such delight when first put up, were looped back to admit the air. The floor and every article of furniture were strewed with flowers. A fresh morning breeze, entering from an open casement, breathed through the room, and a venerable looking woman,

who had attended to all these offices, sat watching by the bedside. A hectic hue, which seemed to them like health, yet glowed upon her cheek; and the smile, with which they had often seen her welcome her kind brother home, after some temporary absence, still lingered round her lip.

The shroud which encompassed her, lost its ideal horrors as they gazed, and death no longer seemed to any of them dreadful.

"It is but a calm and happy sleep," said Hilton, following the train of his thoughts aloud.

"She cannot be dead," exclaimed Merle impetuously; yet the tears, which chased each other down his face, denied the rash assertion.

"You spake the truth," said Molly Maguire, the venerable woman who sat by the bedside, "you spake the truth, young gentleman; she never lived till now! That smile upon her lips, if I had not believed before, would tell me so. It's there, since ten minutes before her death, when she raised herself up a little on her bed, and

called in peace and joy upon her Saviour's name : then, looking with a keen glance, that seemed to pierce the very skies, 'Harry ! Harry !' said she, in a hurried voice, and pointing with her hand to where she looked, 'Is it, Harry—is it my father and mother that I see ?' and after a minute's pause, the smile spread, as you see it now, over her whole face, and I could just hear her whisper, 'My God and Saviour will be there too !' Sure I am, she's with them now, in bliss," said the good old woman, while tears, but not of sorrow, rolled down her aged face.

"That's my joy and comfort," sobbed Harry, from the doorway, as he stood with eyes fixed on the pale form of his sister ; "sorry would I be to fret against the will of God. He has done better for her than ever I could do."

The boys, one and all, sobbed almost as fast as Harry ; and pressing anxiously round him, some seized his hands, whilst others offered such words of consolation as they could command. Mr. Hampton, not less affected than themselves, induced the

young man to accompany them part of the way home, and all felt happy to see him somewhat revived by the walk. But the warm eulogium bestowed by them all, on his departed sister, was what seemed to have most power in attracting his attention. At length, the pious simplicity of all that Mr. Hampton uttered, led back his mind to perfect resignation; and he resumed his wonted confidence in that protecting care, that providential wisdom, which had, as he himself expressed it, removed a shorn lamb from the storm, and left one surviving who was better able to contend against the blast. "She has taught me to stand every storm that may blow," said he calmly; "it was hard, indeed, very hard, to see her feeble frame suffering, when I had no power to help her; but her mind was strong! She trusted in her Saviour, and knew that he would never leave her nor forsake her, and through his heavenly aid, she remained patient and contented to the end. Now she is with Him in peace and glory; so come what will to me, I'll try to bear it manfully."

Harry then thanked Mr. Hampton and his young friends for all their kindness, and returned home, but before he reached that now melancholy abode, he was joined by the honest and considerate old beggar man, who, in his own blunt way, offered such shrewd and affectionate consolation as was not lost upon the mourner: since his heart was ever as much alive to the comforts as to the sorrows of his situation.

Mr. Hampton continued his walk in silence, until observing that Merle seemed oppressed with sadness, he said to him, "My dear Henry, you will endeavour, I hope, to drive from your mind every painful impression you may have received from the scene we have just witnessed: you should not give way to any feeling which could make you desire to forget the sight; but ought rather to cherish the recollection, as a powerful means of exciting the most useful reflections. If properly considered, you will find it well calculated to afford that confidence in the merciful providence of God which we should all make it our chief study to attain, since it is this

alone which can support us under the various trials and distresses of life. I look upon Harry Burne," Mr. Hampton added, "as a fit example for the imitation of all my pupils. His pious resignation, manly fortitude, and brotherly affection, will, I am certain, procure for him the continuance of your kindness; and I hope you will make me henceforward a sharer in whatever plans you may form for his benefit."

Such was their kind master's manner towards them on every occasion where he could possibly make them feel their own powers of usefulness; and he never failed to follow in the path they chose to point out, provided he saw it would in any manner lead them to the end in view.

The following day he was pleased to see that Henry, without falling back into thoughtlessness, was able to resume his usual cheerfulness. It seemed, indeed, that the awful scene, of which he had been a spectator, had, for the first time, roused religious reflections in his mind, and made him feel what Mr. Hampton had often en-



deavoured to inculcate, "that no thoughtless character can meet death with fortitude, much less with hope and joy, as poor Nancy Burne had done."

Mr. Hampton observed him, all that morning, watching for a moment to speak to him alone, and took care to afford him the opportunity he sought. In the course of their conversation Merle told him, that old Cauty Maguire had said, "Any one could conquer his faults, who was really sorry for them." "But I do not find it so," said Henry: "being vexed at them does not tell me how to cure them."

"It is, however, very apt to make us look about for some plan, which may enable us to conquer them. Have you any such plan in your mind, Henry?"

"No, sir, I cannot say I have; I was wishing, indeed, last night, that you would take me out of the class in which I am at present placed, and allow me a seat near yourself, apart from my schoolfellows, where the certainty of being under your eye would keep my attention alive, and, perhaps, enable me to get my lessons with-

out resorting to that mechanical system of which you so much disapprove. You have often told me, that a habit of fixing my attention every day, for the time necessary to get through my business in the common way, would help to make me steady; and I am resolved not to ask a seat among my companions again until I am able to get my lessons as they do."

"Do you call this having no plan for conquering your faults?" asked Mr. Hampton, smiling. "I believe you could not have fallen upon a better. I will, therefore, readily accede to your wish, and I trust you may have full faith in Canty's adage. You must not, however, my dear Henry, expect to cure yourself of this, or of any other fault, except by a *habit* of *shunning*, when you can, or of successfully resisting when you cannot shun, those temptations which have hitherto seduced you into it."

They were now interrupted by the other boys, who came to propose a scheme for drawing Harry Burne from his lonely habitation.

This was, to engage him by the day, to teach them, during play hours, the use of his turning lathe, for which they would each ask their parents leave to remunerate him. Mr. Hampton readily acquiesced in the scheme; and as Harry was now become an excellent house carpenter, he placed under his superintendence an addition he was obliged to make at the parsonage; by which means Harry obtained ample occupation for upwards of twelve months.

By the profits arising from his several employments, he was shortly after enabled to rent the cottage, and a small farm from his landlord. Here Cauty Maguire and his venerable partner took up their abode along with him. Nor were they dispossessed, even after Thomas, the old gardener (having declared that he would never let any one but a good son, and a good brother, be the husband of his pretty Alice), bestowed his wealthy daughter on our hero.

Very shortly after this declaration, the youthful and happy pair were united by Mr. Hampton. Hilton's birth-day was chosen for the wedding, and Harry led

home his blooming bride, escorted by the boys, who, in great delight, joined in all the rural sports of the evening, and danced on the green until the setting sun warned their kind master to lead them home.

"I'm proud to see you, sir," said Harry Burne to Captain Merle, as Henry some years afterwards rode past the cottage on his way to visit Mr. Hampton.

"And I am happy to see you, honest Harry, looking so well, and with so many indications of prosperity around you," said Merle, as he glanced his eye over the snug farm-yard and four rosy children at the wicket. "How is my good friend Alice? and is my worthy old monitor, Canty Maguire, still alive?"

"Thank your honour kindly," replied Harry, "Alice is just purely; and Canty and the old wife's sitting in the chimney corner yet; and there's Nanny browsing on the brae, almost as good as the day your honour brought her to the cottage. There's a wean,\* that's called after poor Nancy,

\* Child.

and her very marrow,\* and she never had a brash of sickness since she was born yet."

"We sometimes see merit rewarded even in this life, Harry," said Merle, holding out his hand to bid adieu.

But Harry still detained him, to inquire after all his young companions, especially Master Edward Hilton.

"They have all been fortunate in life, and all turned out as well as their excellent preceptor's care taught the world to expect," replied Merle; "but Hilton," he added, "is already the pride of his family, an honour to his friends, and likely to become his country's greatest ornament,—a prudent and accomplished statesman."

Harry then suffered him to depart, having obtained a promise that he would call again at the cottage, before he left the country. Merle then spurring his horse forward, was soon out of sight, and in a few minutes after was pressed in the arms of his kind and affectionate master.

\* Counterpart.

# ROSABELLA;

OR,

## THE QUEEN OF MAY.

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IN the little village of V——, lived a widow lady, a Mrs. Mead, with one daughter, her only child, whose name was Rosabella. Mrs. Mead was a very pious lady, and determined to try and make a Christian of her child; she therefore set herself *strictly* to watch the little creature, that she might find out what evil she would be most prone to commit. For she knew that every child was born with sin in its heart, and she felt that it was her duty to *try* to root out this deadly evil, ere it grew too strong; just as you, my dear children, should do if you had a nice little garden of pretty flowers. You should pluck up all the weeds, or they will ruin

the flowers ; and if you do it while the weeds are young, you will find it much easier than if you wait until they have strong roots. So Mrs. Mead knew that if she reprov'd and taught her child while she was young, and before sin had taken deep root in her heart, she would find it much easier to make her a good child than if she waited until she grew older and headstrong. She remembered that God had told us by his servant, King Solomon, that we must "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it ;"—and that St. Paul (who you know was a disciple of Jesus Christ, our blessed Saviour) says, "*ye parents, bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.*" Therefore, Mrs. Mead early taught little Rosabella to say her prayers, and to obey her parent's commands ; and for several years she had not much fault to find with the sweet little girl. But one morning, when Rosabella was about six years old, Mrs. Mead went down to breakfast, feeling very unwell ; and as soon as she was

seated at the table, she said to a servant, "Edmund, bring me the saucer of raspberries I left on the side-board last night ; I feel quite sick to day ; perhaps the fruit will be better for me than anything else."

The servant looked about on the side-board and then replied, "Madam, there are not any raspberries here, but this saucer is stained as if they had been in it."

Mrs. Mead looked at her little daughter and said, "Rosabella, my dear, did you eat my raspberries ?" The child faintly answered, "No, ma'am," and hung down her head. Her mother remained silent a moment, and then said, "Your countenance, Rosabella, tells me you did eat them, and you have told me a story : come here."

The child came forward, and her mother then added, "your mouth, too, proves you guilty, for it is stained with the fruit. Oh, my child, you have offended against God ! you committed a fault in taking the raspberries without my leave, which was stealing ; and now you have committed another



fault, in telling a lie to hide what you had done ; it is my *duty* to punish you. Go up stairs, you shall not have any breakfast, and when I have done mine, I must whip you."

Little Rosabella cried bitterly, and promised she would never do the like again.

"I hope indeed, you will not," said her mother, "but I must punish you, so go into your chamber."

After Mrs. Mead had breakfasted, she punished her daughter, and told her she must pray to God to forgive her ; they then knelt down, and the mother and child wept much while they were praying. When their prayer was ended, Mrs. Mead said, "Rosabella, remember God sees and hears you at all times ; and if you do any thing naughty even in secret, God sees you : and if you tell a lie which no person can ever find out, God knows it. And he says, 'all liars must have their portion in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone ;' therefore, my child, let me beg you to fear a lie, and speak the truth always"

Rosabella cried, and said, "Oh, dear mamma, forgive me ; I will never do so again. Oh, mamma, do you think God will forgive me ?" "Yes, my child, if you are truly sorry, and will try always to speak the truth, God will forgive you for the sake of the dear Redeemer, who died for sinners. You are a young sinner, my daughter, only six years old ; but if you are not sorry for your sins, God will punish you : and if you do not try to be good now, you will find it very hard to become so when you grow older."

Now you see, my dear little readers, that even good children are prone to sin ; for Rosabella Mead had always been what everybody called a good child. But as I told you, we are all born with sin in our hearts, therefore, you must pray to God to give you a *new heart*, as Mrs. Mead taught Rosabella to do. And as you all love true stories, I know, for I have often heard children ask, when they were reading a story, "Is this true ma'am ? I prefer true stories." I tell you that this relation is founded, throughout, on fact.

Mrs. Mead taught Rosabella to say in her prayers, "O Lord, give me a new heart. Set a watch before my lips, that I may never say anything naughty. And make me thy child, through Jesus Christ my Saviour." And thus you, dear children, should learn to pray, also.

Mrs. Mead observed her daughter carefully, but she never knew her to tell a lie again : and so remarkable was she for telling the truth ever afterwards, that the servants, and everybody who knew her, used to call her "Little Truth."

Rosabella went to a Sunday school, and one morning, when she was about nine years old, the superintendent of the school heard some talking while she was calling the roll ; and as it seemed to be in the direction of Rosabella, she called her and another little girl up, and said, "Children, were you not talking while I was calling the roll ?" The other little girl remained silent, but Rosabella said, "yes, madam."

"Well, don't you know, my dear, I have said you must *all* be silent when I call the roll ? for if many of the children were

talking, I should not be able to hear the answers to the names. Now you both have broken my rule, and been disrespectful, therefore you each forfeit two blue tickets."

"I beg pardon, madam," said Rosabella; "here are my tickets, but I hope you will excuse Eliza Dunn—it was my fault; I was trying to prove to her that she was mistaken as to the chapter we read last Sunday."

"I do forgive you," said the superintendent, "because you have told the truth, and return you one of the tickets as a reward for truth. You have only done your duty to God in speaking the truth, but he rewards us for doing our duty, and thus I reward you."

When Rosabella was ten years of age, her mother sent her to a female academy, taught by Mr. Bernard, in the village of V——. She improved so fast in learning, that, when she was twelve years old, she was considered one of the first scholars, and one of the best behaved of the children.

In the village in which Rosabella lived, there was a Mrs. Thornton, who kept a boarding-house for little girls. She was a woman of warm feelings, and much attached to the children who lived with her, and wished them to excel Mr. Bernard's other scholars in everything they learned. And being, as I said, a woman of warm feelings, she felt displeased if any other child appeared superior to them ; and having no religion in her heart, she gave vent to her anger, in speaking against those children who surpassed hers in good behaviour, or intelligence. She particularly disliked Rosabella Mead, who was sweet and engaging in her manners, and so polite, that everybody else loved her. She always courtesied gracefully when she entered her mother's parlour, or went to visit any of her friends ; for, although she was a modest, blushing child, she did not bury her head awkwardly in her bosom when she entered a room, or when she was spoken to ; neither did she run into a room, or twist her head about as if she was frightened.

Rosabella was studious, too, and learned her lessons well before she went to the school, so that, when she got there, she always was prepared to say them, and by that means was at the head of her class, and kept the handsomest medal, the whole time she attended Mr. Bernard. The school-girls loved her dearly, and she was never known to quarrel with any of them ; for her mother had taught her the Saviour's golden rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you;" and she tried to do, at all times, as her mother advised her, and to please her heavenly Father.

Now, because she was such a good child, and better than most of the other children, Mrs. Thornton was jealous of her, and disliked her. But our Saviour has said, "Blessed are ye who are persecuted for righteousness' sake : " that is, God will bless those who are disliked, and ill treated, because they try to serve him, and to be good.

Rosabella had now attained her twelfth year, and was still a pupil of Mr. Bernard, and beloved by her teacher, and by his

scholars. One evening, after the school was dismissed, the children were all playing together, and debating who should be the Queen of May, as that day week would be the first of May. Some said they wished little Miss Todd to be the Queen, but most of them wanted Rosabella Mead to be elected. And it was decided, that in three days the election for a queen should take place.

Before the children separated, Jane Todd went to Rosabella, and whispering to her, said, "Rosabella, Mrs. Thornton says she hopes you will not be chosen Queen, for she thinks that you, and Mary Fanning, and Miss Fitzwilliams, will ruin Mr. Bernard's school, you are so wild, and ill-behaved."

Poor Rosabella was greatly distressed, and, child-like, she told Miss Fitzwilliams. Now this was wrong, but she did not know it; for we should never tell a person what idle things people say against them, unless we are sure some good will arise from it.

Miss Fitzwilliams, being almost a young lady, called to see Mrs. Thornton, and

mentioned what Rosabella had told her, adding, "the two children, madam, may not be injured by it, they are so young ; but my character might be ruined by it, as I am nearly grown, and the world would credit your opinion."

"I assure you, Miss Fitzwilliams," replied Mrs. Thornton, while her eyes flashed with anger, "I never said any such thing, although I never admired that little storyteller, Rosabella Mead, in my life ; but I will make her repent for it."

"Do not condemn her without a hearing, Madam," answered Miss Fitzwilliams ; "I never knew Rosabella Mead to tell a story : indeed she is so faithful in what she says, that she is called 'Little Truth.' Send for her, madam, and ask her who told her."

Accordingly, that evening Mrs. Thornton sent to invite Rosabella to take tea with her, but the child was engaged to go with her mother to spend the evening at her uncle's, and sent an apology. "Oh ho !" said Mrs. Thornton, "she will not come ! that is a proof of her guilt. She knows she has been telling stories, and she is afraid to come."



The next afternoon, when the school broke up, some of the children called to the others, "Come, girls, let us go into Mrs. Thornton's yard, and see Miss Hampden, she is walking about in such a curious dress!" The children all went, and Miss Hampden was dressed in an old-fashioned brocade with hoops, and a long-waisted bodice: her hair was frizzed, and dressed with long ostrich feathers.

The girls were much pleased with her appearance, and were standing looking at her, when Mrs. Thornton called out in a very angry tone of voice, "What are you doing in my yard, Rosabella Mead? have you come here to tell more stories about me, you little liar?"

Here, my dear little readers, you see how sinful it is to get into a passion, and call any one bad names; it is displeasing to God, and beneath the dignity of a lady. Remember our Saviour says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." The poor in spirit, you know, means those who do not easily get into a passion. Anger causes unhappiness in the person's own bosom, and

makes others unhappy by the bad words and harsh expressions it produces.

Mrs. Thornton continued to rail at poor Rosabella; and the child was so terrified, she could not move for some minutes. At last, the enraged woman called out, "Come here, you little vixen; come here this moment!" and Rosabella, so pale with fright, that she looked as if she should faint, staggered into the porch, and sunk upon the first seat.

"Oh," said the angry Mrs. Thornton, "you may well tremble, and look pale, for you know I am going to prove you a liar before all your companions; come here, children, all of you. Look at this wicked girl, she has been telling lies about me."

Rosabella sobbed aloud, and meekly replied, "Indeed, madam, I have not, you have been misinformed; I do not know what you can mean."

"Oh, Miss, you may affect ignorance, but when I call Miss Fitzwilliams, you will not dare to do so any longer."

Miss Fitzwilliams then came into the

porch, and said, "Rosabella, you remember, my dear, what you told me the day before yesterday?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, perfectly; but I did not think you would tell Mrs. Thornton: I wish you had not; but Jane Todd told me."

"Jane Todd!" cried Mrs. Thornton; "ah, you say so because she is not here to answer for herself! but I will send for her; she is a good girl, and as far superior to you as light is to darkness, and she never told you so. Come here, Betty! Go over to Mrs. Todd's, and ask Miss Jane to come here immediately." Then Mrs. Thornton continued to abuse Rosabella, and the child to cry, until Jane came.

"Walk into this room, young ladies," said Mrs. Thornton as soon as Jane arrived: "and you, Mary Fanning, and you, Louisa Day, and Caroline Hope, while I examine these two girls, and prove yours and Mr. Bernard's favourite, undeserving of your love."

"Oh, sister!" exclaimed a gentleman who now stepped forward, "pardon th

child at once, you have made her suffer enough, and too much already, by your scolding."

"Hush, brother, hush ! I will make her an example. She is called 'Little Truth,' but I will prove she is a little liar." So saying, she went into the chamber, pulling Rosabella after her ; and when the girls had entered, she locked the door.

As soon as the door was locked Rosabella dried her tears, and, looking up in conscious innocence, said, "Jane Todd, did you not tell me that Mrs. Thornton had said, Miss Fitzwilliams, Mary Fanning, and myself, would ruin Mr. Bernard's school, we were so wild, and ill-behaved ? Remember, God hears you, Jane !"

"Yes, I did," answered Jane, "and Sarah Bell told me so."

Mary Fanning, Louisa Day, and Caroline Hope, flew to Rosabella, and hugged and kissed her, saying, "Oh, dearest Rosabella, we were sure *you* told the truth :"—while Mrs. Thornton, confused and angry, exclaimed, "call in Sarah Bell." She came in, and denied that she had ever said so, and Jane declared she did.

“The lie rests between you two, then,” said Mrs. Thornton, “and I will expose you to everybody, and have you publicly expelled from Mr. Bernard’s school.”

“O, pardon us !” exclaimed both the girls at once, “pardon us, we are both to blame ; we thought we heard you say something like it.”

“Upon my word !” replied Mrs. Thornton, “I shall be afraid to open my lips in future before my boarders and their visitors, since what I say is so misrepresented. Rosabella, my dear child, I hope you will forget and forgive what has passed this evening ; appearances were so much against you, that I thought you certainly were in fault ; and though you are a child, I ask your pardon for condemning you so, as I did.”

Rosabella blushed, and replied, “Yes, madam, and I hope you will forgive Jane and Sarah, for you know, madam, God commands us to forgive those who trespass against us.”

“You are a dear, good little Christian,” answered Mrs. Thornton, “and make me

ashamed of myself. The only return I can make you is, to request the girls to choose *you* Queen of May, and not to allow *one* vote to Jane Todd : indeed, she and Sarah Bell must not be of the party, and I will give you the party myself."

The children who had been shut out, all now ran into the room, and, kissing Rosabella, said, "*This* is our Queen, and no one else shall have a vote."

Rosabella thanked them, and said, "I will not consent to be Queen unless you forgive Jane and Sarah, and let them come to my party ; and I thank you, Mrs. Thornton, but I had rather see the girls at my mamma's, who, I know, will give me a party."

"Well," replied Mrs. Thornton, "be it as you desire ; but as a punishment to Jane and Sarah, I forbid my boarders either speaking to or associating with either of them until the first of May, when they shall be received into favour again, because Rosabella Mead requests it."

When the children were about to return home, Rosabella asked to see Mr. Cuthbert,

Mrs. Thornton's brother, and modestly said to him, "I thank you, sir, for interceding for me; my heart was so full I could not thank you when you spake in my behalf to Mrs. Thornton; but I am glad she examined Jane and myself. I never told but one lie in my life: the punishment my dear mamma then gave me, and the fear of offending God, has guarded me from that sin again; and I hope this day will serve as a lesson to warn Jane and Sarah, from ever speaking what is not true again."

"Yes, my dear, I hope it will," replied Mr. Cuthbert, "and it is true, as the Bible says, 'The lip of truth shall be established,' for I perceived the children all believed what you said, although appearances were certainly against you; and it was because they knew you always spoke the truth."

Heavily passed the time with the two poor offenders, Jane and Sarah, until the first of May, when they went to Mrs. Thornton, and humbly asking her pardon, she forgave them.

On the afternoon of the first of May, Mr. Bernard and his pupils all went to Mrs.

Mead's to attend the coronation. A beautiful mound was raised on a grass-plot in the garden, with steps of turf leading to the top of it, where a chair was placed, ornamented with wreaths of flowers, and an arch of flowers thrown over it. Mr. Bernard stood on the grass-plot, holding a crown of pink roses and white amaranthus in his hand. Presently Louisa Day and Mary Fanning appeared, leading Rosabella out of the house. Caroline Hope walked before them, and sprinkled flowers in the path ; Mrs. Mead and several ladies and gentlemen followed with the school-girls, who were all dressed in pink and white, walking two and two, and merrily singing—

Happy, happy, happy day !  
Rosabella's Queen of May !  
*Hope* strews her path with flowers fair,  
That lend rich perfume to the air.

Happy, happy, happy we,  
Rosabella Queen to see !  
The sceptre she will gently sway,  
And justice give us ev'ry day ;  
Her smiles assure us we shall prove  
Her reign, a reign of peace and love.



Happy, happy, happy day!  
Rosabella's Queen of May!  
Behold, her diadem is *truth*!  
Whose rays most brightly gild her youth.  
*Religion* rules her gentle breast,  
And guides her to *the throne of rest*.

By the time they had finished singing, the children were all standing around Mr. Bernard, who placed the crown on Rosabella's head, saying, "My dear child, your attention to your studies, your amiable conduct, and your love of truth, entitle you to this token of affection, which your youthful companions award you. O! may your obedience to the commands of God, your faith in the blessed Saviour, and your charity to your fellow-beings, entitle you, through the Redeemer's merits, to a heavenly crown! a crown of pure gold! which God will give to all who love and serve him." Rosabella kissed his hand, and he led her to the verdant throne. The children seated themselves around her, on the turf steps, and then Mary Fanning, being the first lady of the court, addressed her thus:—

“ To crown our fav’rite as our Queen,  
We’re here assembled on this green;  
Where nature, as in friendship’s aid,  
Around her beauties hath display’d.  
And all our youthful hearts now beat  
With joyous pleasure, pure and sweet,  
To hail thee as our May-day Queen,  
The Flora of the verdant scene!  
The crown decreed thy youthful brow,  
By those who sit around thee now ;  
By those who love thee and admire,  
And for thy fav’ring smile aspire !  
May it a beauteous emblem prove,  
Of smiling joy, and peace, and love.  
Still, Hope thy pathway strew with flow’rs,  
And crown with bliss thy future hours !”

Mary Fanning spoke with modesty and ease, and pronounced her words so distinctly, that every person present had the pleasure of hearing and understanding what she said. When she had concluded, Rosabella gracefully arose from her seat, and with modest dignity replied,—

“ When spring’s first beauties are display’d  
And nature has with charms array’d  
The fields with flowers of varied dyes,  
To please the smell, and charm the eyes,  
Our hearts expand with rapturous glow  
To God, from whom *all* blessings flow.  
And after having thanked that Power,  
At whose command our roses flower,

Dear friends, my gratitude is due,  
My heartfelt thanks and love to you,  
Whose fairy footsteps press the green,  
To crown me as your May-day Queen.  
Sweet cheering Hope, thy aid still lend,  
And be to me and mine a friend!  
O strew with fragrant flowers still  
Our path up Zion's towering hill.'

As Rosabella concluded, she bowed her head to Miss Caroline Hope, who arose, and, courtesying, said,—

“Lady, Hope's delight shall be,  
To deck the path of life for thee.”

Mrs. Mead, knowing what frail creatures the very best of mortals are, and fearing her child might feel a little vanity on this day of compliments, had determined to try and prevent those injurious feelings of self-importance, by reminding Rosabella of her mortality, and pointing her to an immortal crown. She, therefore, advanced towards the rural throne, and waving her hand to Rosabella, said,—

“My daughter, 'round thy tender brow  
Is twined the wreath of May;  
And though so bright the flowers now  
Ere long they'll fade away.

" Thus youth and beauty for a while  
The cheek and eye will show,  
But scarce they claim the tribute smile  
Ere death will lay them low.

" O then be truly wise, my love,  
Now, in the May of youth :  
Thy heart devote to God above,  
In spirit and in truth.

" Then, when he calls thy soul away,  
Angels will guard it home,  
To regions of celestial day,  
Where death can never come.

" The Saviour on thy head will place  
A crown that ne'er can fade ;  
And in his robe of purest grace  
Thy form will be array'd.

" And though with joy I hail thee ! now  
The crown of May is giv'n ;  
What raptures through my heart will flow,  
To hail thee ! crown'd in heav'n ! !"

Rosabella, not knowing her mother intended to address her, was most agreeably surprised ; and when the piece was concluded, she descended from her throne, and flinging her arms around her parent's neck, she kissed her affectionately. She then led her little friends to an arbour covered with yellow jessamine, where they amused

themselves with innocent plays, until tea was ready.

When they went to tea, a servant handed Rosabella a little work-basket of silver network; the top of the basket was in the form of a crown, and on the rim of the crown was engraved, "A Reward for Truth." "The Crown of Life be thine." The servant said, "Mrs. Thornton bid me give this basket to you, Miss Rosabella, and say, she hopes you will accept it. She says she is ashamed of having been so passionate, and calling you such harsh names as she did the other day; but she prays to God to forgive her, and she hopes you will also."

Rosabella admired the basket very much, and passed it to her friends to look at; then turning to the servant, said, "Give my thanks to Mrs. Thornton for the beautiful basket, and tell her I am sorry she did not come to my coronation; but I hope we may all meet, and assist in crowning our Saviour—Lord of all!"

You see, my dear little readers, what a blessed thing it is to fear God, and keep his commandments, and one of them is,

“Speak ye the truth every man with his neighbour.” We are to consider every human being as our neighbour, as our Saviour tells us in the parable of the good Samaritan. And one of the ten commandments which God delivered to Moses on Mount Sinai, is, “Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour:” that is, thou shalt not tell a lie to the injury of any one; neither must you tell a lie to any one: for God knows all things—there is nothing secret to him.

And you see we are rewarded even in this life, if we love and serve God. Rosabella was a favourite with everybody, because she was a pious, good girl; and her simple answer of “No!” or “Yes!” was as much believed as the oath of those who have to declare upon oath at court. Yes! even more; because everybody knew she had “the fear of God before her eyes,” and would never tell a lie. She loved her Saviour better than she did anything on earth. She went to a Sunday school, and she loved to go there; and she tried to do always as her teachers told her would please

God. Oh ! may you imitate her good example, my dear little readers, by giving your hearts to God. Remember she, too, was born with sin in her heart, and she, too, had done wrong ; but her mother corrected and reprovèd her, and she herself was sorry for her sins, and prayed to God to forgive her, and tried to obey his commandments ; and by doing so, she became a religious, good girl. This story, founded on fact, I have written for you, dear children, and may God cause his blessing to rest upon it, that you may be profited by it, as well as amused. And let me entreat you to serve God, through faith in the Saviour, and, finally, *you* will receive a crown, an immortal crown, in the kingdom of heaven !

## THE POOR SCHOLAR.

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"THE plainest girl in our whole school is Emma Blanchard," said Maria Willis to her mother. "Her clothes are of the plainest kind, her bonnet trimmed with a shabby, faded ribbon; she carries her books in a calico bag, and as to a ring or breast-pin, I don't believe she ever had such a thing in her life."

"And who is Emma Blanchard?" asked her mother; "I think you have never mentioned her before."

"No, she is a new scholar, and has only been with Mrs. Foster a few weeks. Sophy Brooks, who sits at the next desk, says she is very clever, and will beat us all; and Fanny Clark insists that she is very good-natured, but I am quite sure I shall never like her."

"And why not?" inquired Mrs. Willis.



"Oh, because — I don't know exactly why, but I never shall."

"Strange, that you should dislike a person, yet cannot tell why," said Mrs. Willis. "Is it because she dresses so plainly? or because she has no ornaments?"

"N-o," said Maria, somewhat doubtfully, "but the truth is, mother, I do not think she is very genteel; her parents live in a mean sort of way—so Isabella Greenway told me—in the upper part of a house, and do not keep a servant, and they say—that is, Isabella says—and I suppose she knows all about it—that Emma is to be educated for a teacher."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Willis, calmly, "and what then?"

"Why, I am sure from *that*," replied Maria, "she can't be genteel, and for that reason I don't want to call her one of my friends, or ask her to come and see me."

"Then you think many of *my* visitors are not genteel, I suppose, since some of them are teachers, and Mrs. Foster I number among my particular friends. I am really sorry, my dear, that my circle of

acquaintance should be less select than your own."

"But, mother," said Maria, looking a little confused, "I thought—at least I always understood—that—that genteel people were rich, and lived handsomely, and were not obliged to do anything for their own support."

"Not always," replied Mrs. Willis, "and I see you do not exactly know what is the true meaning of the word genteel, a very favourite expression, by the way, among school-girls like yourself. Gentility, generally speaking, consists in a refinement of mind and polished manners, with a kind and polite bearing towards all, both rich and poor; and should you allow yourself to treat Emma Blanchard with coldness or rude neglect, I should say you not only gave evidence of a want of good feeling, but of true gentility also."

"Emma is not vulgar in her manners, certainly," said Maria, "but then she is poor—at least her parents are, which is the same thing—and I'm sure, mother, if you could see her dress, you would not think

much of her. Why, she has worn one frock, a green merino, ever since she has been at school; just think of it, *one* frock, every day, for three weeks."

"I am sorry her worldly circumstances are such that she cannot appear as well dressed as her companions," replied Mrs. Willis, "but that is an unavoidable evil, and does not render her less fit to associate with the richest among them if she be equally well-informed, and have no vulgar habits."

"The girls don't think so at any rate," replied Maria. "Isabella Greenway has told the whole school about her, and so nobody talks to her now, except Sophy Brooks and Fanny Clark; because you know, mother, Mrs. Foster has a remarkably genteel school, and every one is afraid to be thought the friend of such a plain-looking person."

"Mrs. Foster's pupils may *consider* themselves very genteel, without being so," said Mrs. Willis, "for they certainly evince a great want of good breeding by such conduct. Whoever and whatever Emma

Blanchard may be, as one of the school, she has a right to expect politeness from those around her; and I am sorry that Maria Willis should be among the number, who could willingly slight and wound the feelings of a stranger."

Maria looked a little ashamed, but she eagerly endeavoured to excuse both herself and her schoolmates. "I'm sure we don't *intend* to be rude," she said, "but you see, mother, we are not together except at recess, for Emma is in one of the lower classes, and so we cannot be *very* friendly with her."

"You told me just now," replied her mother, "that you all purposely avoided her—every one being afraid to be thought the friend of such a plain-looking girl. Now this was your own confession, and I am sure if you will reflect a moment, you will agree with me, in thinking such conduct both unkind and ungenerous."

Maria was silent, and her mother continued, "It seems to me, that through the influence of Isabella Greenway—who must, I think, be a meddlesome, talkative young

lady—you have acquired an unaccountable prejudice against Emma Blanchard ; for which you can give no other reason, than that she is not rich, and does not dress very well. This want of good sense, on your part, reminds me of a circumstance which occurred when I was at school, and which I will relate to you.”

“ Oh, do mother,” said Maria, “ for you know I love stories.”

“ In the large boarding-school which I entered when about your age,” said Mrs. Willis, smiling at Maria’s eagerness after stories, “ there was one young lady whom everybody esteemed as being the richest among us, and, of course, of more consequence than any one else. Emily Morris came from South Carolina, where her father owned a large plantation, and she used to talk incessantly of her father’s slaves, and her father’s fine horses and splendid carriages, and many other things ; which made us believe she was far superior to the rest of the world. In dress, too, Emily quite eclipsed us all, her trunks being stored with a variety of frocks of every

kind and colour. Laces and ribbons, which we should have considered great treasures, and only intended for special occasions, she displayed every day, while her box of jewellery was a never-ending source of astonishment and delight. She had a watch, I remember, a gold watch, that would tick, though it was frequently silent from mismanagement or neglect, and a bracelet with pearl clasps, and brooches, and rings, and a painted fan, and some other trinkets that I have forgotten."

"What a happy girl she must have been," interrupted Maria.

"So we all thought," said Mrs. Willis, "but I have reason to believe she was not so, even with fine clothes and a box of jewels. Emily was a girl of pleasing manners, and soon became a favourite. Everybody said she was so kind and good natured, and had so many other excellent qualities, that no one could at all compare with her, and in a few months after her arrival, she had acquired such an influence over her companions, that nothing was done during playhours without her con-

sent and approbation. Nobody was afraid of being thought *her* friend, I assure you ; on the contrary, each young lady vied with the other, in securing a place in her regard, and, flattered by their attentions, Emily very soon imagined herself of more consequence than any of us. I do not believe, however, her popularity would have continued—for she was sometimes dreadfully petulant—but that a supply of money which she received every month, enabled her to make many little presents, and being naturally of a generous disposition, she thus managed to keep the place she had won, as the most important lady in the establishment. By this means, too, she was assisted with her lessons, some of the smarter or more diligent girls being always ready to aid her in a French exercise, or a page of composition, in the hope of sharing her next paper of sugar-plums, or the chance of being remembered when she went out shopping on Saturday afternoon.”

“How old was Emily Morris?” inquired Maria.

“About fifteen, at that time,” replied her mother, “and of course just three years older than myself. Being one of the youngest scholars, I was included among the ‘little girls,’ and consequently not among her associates ; but I recollect how constantly the older scholars talked of her ; and the opinions of Emily Morris were repeated again and again, till the very walls seemed to echo with her name. Sometimes she was extremely kind to ‘the children,’ as she called us, and would come to our bedsides at night, and sily give us sweet things ; but if out of humour, we were sure to experience the evil effects of it, and she would toss our books about, or take away our pencils or India-rubber, utterly regardless of our tears or remonstrances.”

“I should not have liked her, I am sure,” said Maria.

“Oh, yes, you would, for remember, she had fine dresses, and a box of trinkets,” replied Mrs. Willis, smiling. “Emily had been at school six months, when one morning, just at the commencement of the term,



a plain country waggon was driven to the door, by a plain-looking man, and out of it was taken a trunk and band-box, and then a young girl, very simply clad, was assisted to alight. It was during a half hour's recess, that the stranger came, and from the school-room windows we looked down upon them, and speculated as to who and what they might be. By-and-bye we heard the waggon drive away, and when the dinner-bell rang, and we took our places at the table, Mrs. Cleaveland introduced a young lady to us, Miss Harriet Ward.

“The new scholar was not very prepossessing in her appearance, except that she had a remarkably sweet smile; and I think, Maria, your Emma Blanchard could not be more meanly attired. I do not recollect what she wore on that particular day; but I know that then, and many weeks after, it was a subject of remark among the elder girls, and I dare say among the younger ones, too, that there never had been such a poor-looking person in the school, and if one of the teachers had not pitied her desolate situation, the young stranger would

have had a dull time of it, although surrounded by thirty-five or forty girls, of nearly her own age.

“But by-and-bye somebody made the discovery that Harriet Ward was very kind and amiable; some one who wanted help in a difficult sum, and was assisted by her; and thus she gained her first friend at Mrs. Cleaveland’s. Then one of the girls tore a sad rent in a new muslin dress, and found the ready fingers of Harriet Ward very skilful in repairing the mischief; until, by degrees, Harriet also, became a person of importance, though in a different way from Emily Morris; who found, to her surprise, that the poor clergyman’s daughter was likely to draw away some of her own admirers, and become a very powerful rival in their affections.”

“Oh! she was a clergyman’s daughter, hey! and the plain-looking man who drove the waggon was her father, I suppose.”

“Yes, that was her father,” replied Mrs. Willis, “and very dearly did she love him. She had no mother, poor girl, and

Mr. Ward being anxious to give her an education, denied himself many comforts, that he might place her with Mrs. Cleaveland, intending, that at a proper age, she should take the charge of two younger sisters. Harriet fully appreciated, I think, both the value of a good education, and the sacrifices which her father made to procure one for her, for she lost not a moment of time. Steady and perseveringly she went on, until she stood, at last, in the highest class, and next to Emily Morris."

"Oh! I am glad of that," said Maria, whose sympathies were altogether on the side of Harriet.

"Emily was too ambitious of public favour; too anxious to be first in everything, to brook such a rival, and she redoubled her efforts to maintain her station at the head of the class. The examination was near, and the whole school preparing for it; in every department there were busy hands and fluttering hearts, eagerly contending for the prizes which were to be awarded at its close, and none more ardent in the strife than Harriet and Emily.

Whatever might have been the motives of Emily in trying to win the first honours, those of Harriet were openly expressed—the pleasure it would give her father. ‘He will be so delighted,’ she would say, ‘if I should gain the prize. I know just how he will feel, and how happy he will look,’ and she applied with renewed diligence to her lesson, resolving to conquer every difficulty. At first, Emily Morris had looked upon Harriet as quite beneath her notice, but this indifference had grown into dislike when she appeared as a competitor, and likely to prove a successful one; nor was Emily at any pains, either to conceal or overcome it. She treated her class-mate with a proud disdain, which gave the poor girl much uneasiness; and which her friend warmly resented, so that in a short time two parties were formed in the school; one the acknowledged partisans of Harriet; the other, equally interested in the good fortune of Emily.”

“And to which did you belong, mother,” asked Maria.

“I had but little to do with either; the

business seemed properly to belong to the elder girls, and my opinion was not asked."

"But I hope you took Harriet's part, and liked her the best."

"What ! a poor girl !" said Mrs. Willis; "do you think I would have done so ?"

"Oh, mother ! I won't say another word against Emma Blanchard," said Maria, "but do go on with the story, for I want to hear who won the prize."

"The day of the examination came at length—too soon for some of us, and too slowly for those who were fully prepared for it."

"Did you get a premium, mother," asked Maria eagerly.

"No, I did not."

"Oh ! I am sorry for that. Go on, if you please, mother."

"The judges, who were gentlemen from the next town, came about three o'clock in the afternoon, if I recollect aright ; but so many years have intervened since then, that I cannot give you all the particulars. I remember we were all dressed in white, with coloured sashes, and that I was very

much frightened at being questioned by a stranger. The last class examined, was the highest, and this took place in the evening, when the rooms were lighted, and Mrs. Cleaveland sat at a table with the prizes before her, and a great number of people were present, the parents and friends of the young ladies. It was a season of interest to all, and every one listened intently. Presently, a question was asked, which the girls, as it passed from one to the other, failed to answer. Emily and Harriet were the last. Emily faltered and would have stopped, when Harriet whispered the word which gave her a clue to the whole. She answered at once the difficult question, and at the close of the examination, was pronounced to have won the gold medal."

"I am sorry for it!" exclaimed Maria, indignantly. "What a mean girl, to take advantage of Harriet Ward's good nature."

"It was not good nature alone, I imagine," said Mrs. Willis, "but her Christian principles, which induced Harriet to do this. She probably felt that it was better to 'overcome evil with good,' and buy

Emily's good will by the sacrifice of the prize, than wear the medal herself."

"She was a very uncommon girl, I am sure," said Maria, thoughtfully; "I don't believe there are many who would be so generous."

"The instances of such magnanimity are rare, I grant you," replied her mother, "but they do occur *sometimes*, as in the present case."

"There will never be so much goodness found in Mrs. Foster's school, at any rate," said Maria, laughing. "We have no Harriet Ward among us."

"I am sorry for it," said Mrs. Willis; "I had hoped better things of *you*, at least."

Maria shook her head, and begged her mother to proceed.

"As soon as the opinion of the judges was made known," continued Mrs. Willis, "there was a suppressed murmur among the scholars, both of pleasure and disappointment, the friends of Emily rejoicing in her success, and those of Harriet sympathizing in her defeat; but in a few mo-

ments we were called to order, and the prizes distributed. Books and medals went round in rapid succession, and while those who had obtained them looked smiling and happy, the faces of the less fortunate expressed discontent and sorrow. 'I have great pleasure, Miss Morris, in presenting you with this medal,' said Mrs. Cleaveland, as Emily bent her head that it might be placed on her neck, 'and am happy to know that you have won it solely by your own merits, and constant application to your studies.' Emily tried to smile, but could not, for her mind must have been ill at ease; she was accepting an honour to which she had no right, and the father of Harriet looked more grieved at the disappointment his daughter had sustained, than she did herself, for the consciousness that she deserved, if she did not receive the prize, gave to Harriet's face a look of calm contentment, which the features of Emily could not boast.

"But just at the moment when everybody was crowding round to congratulate the successful candidate, and to admire the



beautiful gold medal she wore, one of the young ladies stepped forward, and, to the surprise of Mrs. Cleaveland, related what she had heard during the examination, namely, Harriet's whisper in Emily's ear, expressing her firm conviction, that Harriet alone was entitled to the prize. You may imagine the excitement which this disclosure produced—what a buzzing of voices, and exclamations of astonishment at Emily's meanness—the regret expressed by Mrs. Cleaveland, who now, in justice to Harriet, transferred the medal to her; and all the sayings and doings of such a busy little multitude of important people as school-girls usually are, on an examination night. Emily, deservedly disgraced, lost her popularity as speedily as she had gained it, and Harriet, the once despised and slighted Harriet, shown to be far superior to the wealthy Emily with all her pretensions, became the heroine of the evening. School broke up the next day for the vacation, but before we separated, Mrs. Cleaveland gave us a lecture upon our past misconduct, and the spirit which had pre-

vailed among us during the previous term. I suppose she must have talked with Emily alone, since Miss Morris condescended to ask Harriet's pardon for her former rudeness ere she took her departure, and as she did not return to school again, we were ever afterwards a most peaceable and orderly set of young ladies."

"I am glad it all ended so well," said Maria, as delighted as if she had herself taken part in the business; "and I am glad Emily Morris saw how shamefully she had behaved to poor Harriet at last."

"Yes," said Mrs. Willis, "it is always a matter of rejoicing when we can see our faults, and endeavour to amend them; and you, Maria, who have heard the story of my two school-mates, and see how silly is this worst kind of pride, must now profit by the lesson, and not despise or turn away from Emma Blanchard because she is poor."

With the story of Emily and Harriet still in mind, Maria Willis went to school the next day, fully resolved to make a

friend of Emma Blanchard at once. "I shall not care a straw," she soliloquized, "what Isabella Greenway or any one else may say, but I shall be kind to poor Emma, and do all I can for her." Emma, however, was absent that day, and for nearly a week afterwards; and though Maria adhered secretly to her resolution, yet the effect of her mother's narrative had by this time partly worn off, and she was beginning to think it was not a matter of any consequence after all, when Mrs. Foster asked her to call at Mr. Blanchard's door on her way home, and make some inquiries respecting Emma. This was of course an excellent opportunity to put her resolution into practice, yet Maria felt a little unwilling, it must be confessed, to go, and lingered in the school-room until her companions had dispersed, before she set out, preferring to make her first visit entirely alone.

When she reached the house to which Mrs. Foster had directed her—a pleasant dwelling in the street next her own—the door was opened by a young girl, who

invited her to walk up stairs, and, in a small but cheerful parlour, she found Emma practising a music-lesson. The tone and manner of Maria, so different from what they had been a week before, surprised Emma Blanchard not a little; and never dreaming what had occasioned her school-fellow's former coldness, she was also at a loss to imagine why she was so unusually polite at this time. She told Maria that a severe cold and inflammation of the eyes had kept her at home, her mother thinking it most prudent not to expose herself during such cold weather, but that she was now much better, and should be at school again the following Monday, if she continued to improve.

While Emma spoke, Maria's eyes were glancing about the apartment. The carpet, piano, chairs, and other furniture did not by any means bespeak extreme poverty; and a portrait above the mantel-piece, which Emma said was her mother's picture, represented a lady so very beautiful, that Maria could not sufficiently admire it. "That was painted by my uncle, two or

three years ago," continued Emma, naming a celebrated artist ; "and this picture," pointing to the one suspended over the piano, "is his work also." It was now Maria's turn to be surprised : that Emma Blanchard, the poor, despised school-girl, should be the niece of a gentleman whom everybody was talking about, did indeed astonish her. He had dined once with her father, and she recollected the pleasure it gave her to be kindly noticed by him. Yet here was a little girl, who knew him well, and perhaps saw him every day. In a moment Maria's opinion of Emma Blanchard changed entirely.

"Mother does not look quite so well as she did," pursued Emma, turning again to the portrait, "because she has had some things to trouble her since it was taken ; but it is very much like her still ; and my little sister calls it 'mamma on the wall.'"

"How many sisters have you ?" asked Maria.

"Two, both little children, and one brother."

"You live quite near us ; our house is in

the next street. How long have you been in this neighbourhood ?”

“Only a few months. We lived in the country before, but something obliged my father to sell our beautiful place, and come to the city. We were terribly sorry about it, Willie and I, and we do not like the town half so well.”

“And you only have part of this house, don’t you ?” inquired Maria, who, with a child-like freedom from reserve, came to the point at once.

“Yes, we have this parlour, and three bed-rooms, and we board with Mrs. Hoffmann. She is a German lady, whom my father knew when he was in that country, and who came to this country afterwards, and used to visit us at Bloomingdale. When it was settled we should come to town, Mrs. Hoffmann begged us to take part of her house, and Miss Hoffmann is teaching me German.”

“Isabella Greenway told us a great deal about you,” said Maria, “and said you were to be educated for a teacher, but I don’t believe a word of it.”

“I don’t know,” said Emma, “what I shall be when I am older, but I do not think mother intends me for one. Just now, my father has much to vex him, and we all try to be very economical, and live quite plainly, but mother says she hopes it will not last long, and one of these days, perhaps, we may get back to our old home, and the pleasant things we had there.”

Emma and Maria were both talkative girls, and with this commencement, they soon became extremely communicative. Emma, confined to the house for several days, and with few associates of her own age, was glad of a companion, and forgetting Maria’s former indifference, felt as if she had gained a friend where she least expected to find one ; while Maria, well pleased to learn that Emma was as genteel as herself, and a very desirable acquaintance, chatted on, till she had paid a visit far longer than was either necessary or proper, and was chidden by Mrs. Willis for her delay, when she reached home.

It was a matter of no small astonish-



ment with Mrs. Foster's pupils when, on the next Monday morning, Emma Blanchard and Maria Willis were seen coming down the street in close conversation, and entered the school-room together ; and very strange indeed it seemed, to see them talking quite sociably during the recess ; and again, arm in arm, proceeding homeward. No one could account for this sudden intimacy, for Maria had been among the foremost in declaring she would have nothing to do with the poor scholar, and the most eager in listening to Isabella Greenway's tales, and therefore of all others, the last whom they would have expected to see with her. Isabella, herself, was perhaps more surprised than any one else, having repeated, as a matter of fact, the idle tattle of a servant just dismissed from Mrs. Hoffman's, and engaged by her mother, Isabella being one of those unfortunate persons, who, for the sake of talking, would gossip with anybody and everybody who came in her way. Maria, however, soon explained the whole truth, dwelling particularly on Emma's near re-



lationship to the eminent painter, which fact had a marvellous effect upon her auditors, and made them look upon their new companion with very different eyes. All were now as eager to secure her friendship, as they had before been anxious to avoid it, and Emma, who, a short time ago, was but a cypher among them, now found herself surrounded by friends, and had become a general favourite. Maria passed many pleasant hours in Mrs. Blanchard's parlour, reading or drawing with Emma, where she learned, among other good things, that true gentility does not depend upon outward show, and that good breeding may remain, though riches shall have passed away.

## THE ORPHAN.

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"MOTHER," said Angelica Stone, as she came home from school one day, "there is one girl in the school whom I dislike so much that it really makes me unhappy."

"I can readily believe the latter part of your remark," replied Mrs. Stone. "No person can indulge wrong feelings and not be unhappy. No person can carry a viper in the bosom and not be stung. You know it is wrong to dislike any human being."

"I'm sure," said Angelica, "I don't wish to dislike her, but I can't help it. It would be a great deal more pleasant to like her. I do not think it is *very* wrong to dislike a person when we don't do it on purpose."

"Where do you find the law which forbids you to do what is *very* wrong, while it allows you to do what is *not very* wrong,

but still *wrong*. I thought God's law forbade everything wrong."

Angelica saw that there was no ground for the distinction which she had made. A great many young persons make it, and involve themselves in guilt by so doing. A great many in view of some temptation, say, "it is not very wrong," and so yield to it. They thus go on hardening their hearts, and preparing themselves for heinous crimes.

"Angelica," continued her mother, "why do you dislike your schoolmate so much? has she injured you in any way?"

"No, mamma."

"Is she a rival of yours?"

"Oh no, mamma, she is very backward in her studies."

"What is the reason, then; is it mere caprice?"

"No, mother, but she is such a strange girl. She never speaks to anybody unless she is spoken to"——

"Not a *very* bad habit," said Mrs. Stone, by way of parenthesis.

"And if you speak to her she seems

frightened out of her wits, and yet gives a very bold answer ; and she uses such vulgar language, and she is so awkward, and dresses so strangely, that altogether I can't help disliking her."

"You said she used vulgar language ; do you mean coarse, indelicate ?"

"No, mamma, but such language as very ignorant people use."

"She does not seem to thrust herself in anybody's way, nor to intend to give offence in any way, does she ?"

"No, mamma."

"How do the girls treat her ?"

"Some of them laugh at her, and try to plague her."

"How do you treat her ?"

"I avoid her as much as possible."

"And you find your dislike rather increasing."

"Yes, mamma."

"Let me ask you, seriously, my dear, is it right for you to allow yourself to dislike a person who has never injured you ? Is it right for you to allow yourself to dislike any one ?

After a pause, Angelica was constrained to answer, "No, it is not right."

"Then you are sensible you have done wrong?"

"Yes, mamma."

"The next thing for you to do is to overcome this prejudice which you have felt towards the poor girl."

"I should be glad if you will tell me how."

"That I can easily. Confess your sin to God, and pray for forgiveness and grace, and then treat her with special kindness, treat her as though you loved her."

"Why mother you are advising me to practise hypocrisy. It will be just the same as if I told her I loved her when I do not."

"No, it will not. If you were to treat her as I advise, with the design of making her think you love her when you do not, that would be hypocrisy. But that will not be your design. You treat her thus, because it is right that you should do so, and that your prejudice against her may be removed from your mind."

“But the girls will think I am deceiving her.”

“They will not think so long : and besides, when we are sure our motives are right, we are not to be troubled about the temporary misconstruction which others may put upon them.”

“Well, mother, I will begin to-morrow ; but it will be hard work.”

Before recording how well she kept her resolution, I will give some account of the girl alluded to in the above related conversation.

Her name was Susan Barbour. Her father was a native of an obscure country village, the youngest of five sons, who cultivated the rough and unproductive farm of their father. At an early age he determined to obtain an education and enter one of the learned professions. In the struggle necessary for the attainment of his object his health failed. He graduated with honour, but was constrained to abandon his pursuit of a profession. He took charge of a few pupils, and after a time, his health somewhat improving, he married the

daughter of a clergyman. The husband and wife were fitted for each other,—both were gentle, refined, affectionate to enthusiasm. They lived for a few years happily but for his declining health. He sunk into the grave when their only child was four years of age. Though learned, and polished, and amiable, he had not yielded to the teaching of the Spirit. Bitter was the anguish of the husband and father, as he felt that he had no God to whom he could commit his unportioned widow and daughter ; bitter the anguish of the wife as she saw her husband die, and “give no sign.”

After his death, Mrs. Barbour supported herself and daughter by instructing a class of young ladies, a task for which her finished education fully qualified her. All her affections were concentrated on her daughter, whose graceful form, quick intelligence and sympathy, awakened the admiration and love of all who knew her.

In four years from the death of her husband, she was laid beside him, in the graveyard. Susan was now an orphan.

No relative was near, yet many a tear of sympathy was shed, and many a door thrown open for her shelter.

In a short time, an uncle from a distant part of the country wrote to inform her that he should soon come to take her home. Though she had never seen him, and though she fully appreciated the kindness of her friends in S——, and though she dreaded the idea of leaving the place of her parent's sepulchre, yet the word *home* held out hopes to which her young heart could not but cling. She wanted to see one who was bone of her father's bone, and flesh of his flesh, that she might have an object on which she might properly pour out the fulness of her affection.

She was one day returning from the grave of her parents, with her eyes red with weeping ; for young as she was, she went to the grave to weep there ; when the news met her that her uncle had come. She hastened to her temporary home. She met her long desired uncle. He was a rough-made, bashful, but not unkind man. She was a little chilled by his



aspect, so different from that of her well remembered father. She pressed forward to embrace him, and he awkwardly extended his hand.

“Are you well?” were his first words.

“Yes sir,” was her reply, and she wept profusely.

“Dear creature,” said the kind friend, whose hospitality she was enjoying, “she takes it hard; I hope she will find a father in you.”

There was no kind and soothing assurance of affection and support. Had her uncle no feeling? Yes, and he felt deeply for the orphan as she wept before him, but like many of the working-men of the land, he seemed ashamed to give any expression to his feelings of tenderness.

“She will get over it when she gets with her cousins,” said Mr. Barbour: this, which was meant to be soothing, but added to her grief.

The next morning Susan bid adieu to many kind friends, and set out with her uncle on his journey home.

The new things which she saw by the

way diverted her young mind, and led her to look forward with hope to her new home. On the third day they arrived there. It was not the neat farm-house which her fancy had pictured. It was situated in a retired part of the country, in a place called the Hollow. It was small and inconvenient, and no shrubbery or flowers were about it. A large number of children, coarse, uncombed, and sunburnt, rushed out to meet the waggon, and gazed intensely on the stranger.

"All well?" said the father, with something that would have passed in the Hollow for a smile.

"Yes sir," was the reply.

This was the sum of the greetings which took place after a week of separation. Her uncle led Susan into the house. "So you have got back," said his wife. "This is your niece," said Mr. Barbour.

"How do you do," said Mrs. Barbour, eyeing her with a look of curiosity rather than pity.

"Very well ma'am," said Susan timidly.

"Pull off your things. Here Polly, take

her things into the other room. Are you tired?"

This was said in a tone approaching to sympathy, and it touched a chord in Susan's heart, and led her to hope that her aunt might let her love her. But the remark which followed extinguished that hope.

"Jane," said Mrs. Barbour, "don't stare your eyes out, you will have time enough to see her before she goes, I fancy."

Young as she was, and unaccustomed to the language of selfishness, she saw from those words that she was not a welcome guest, and a heavier weight was laid on her pressed heart.

"Are you glad you got home?" said Mrs. Barbour to Susan with a smile.

"Yes ma'am," said Susan with hesitancy, and a tear filled her eye as she contrasted her present with her former home. Mrs. Barbour noticed it, and guessed too truly what was passing in Susan's mind.

It checked the rising of sympathy which she began to feel.

The children now gathered round her,

and began to question her. She answered their questions with propriety and elegance of language which was habitual to her, but which provoked her aunt to remark: "Don't speak so womanish. It looks as though you thought yourself better than other folks."

The next morning Susan's clothing was examined, "to see if she had anything fit to wear every day." The result was that she had not; and so a coarse, and not over clean frock of one of her cousins was given to her. She hardly knew herself in the hideous dress, and could not wholly conceal her repugnance to it: this was not unmarked by the mother and her hopeful progeny.

"You must help us some about the work, you know," said Mrs. Barbour.

"Yes ma'am, I shall be glad to do so," said Susan. Domestic services were required of her which she attempted to perform, but not always successfully. Her aunt attributed her ignorance in this department to wilfulness, her sadness to discontent and ingratitude. The children find-

ing her complying, imposed their tasks upon her ; at first by way of request, then by falsely using their mother's authority ; and then by assumed authority in their own right. For her there was no encouraging voice, no smile of love. Her uncle's was the only eye before which she did not quail. He knew nothing of her servitude. He was always at work in the field during the day, and slept in his chair as soon as evening came. For aught he knew, Susan was as kindly treated as the other children.

The consciousness that her uncle felt kindly towards her, led her to pay him those delicate attentions, which even the rustic does not fail to appreciate. By this, her motives were misinterpreted, and her burden in consequence increased.

We pass over an interval of five years. Those five long, wearisome years Susan spent in that family, and the effects were apparent. All grace and elegance of form and manner had disappeared. She was timid, uncouth, and ignorant. No one would have taken her for the gentle and

lady-like girl that five years before entered that dwelling.

Her uncle at length perceived the treatment she received, but remonstrance was in vain, and his own attempts at especial kindness rendered her situation still more uncomfortable. He then declared that she should stay there no longer, "like a cow to be hooked by every creature in the yard," a comparison characteristic and truthful. He placed her with a distant relative in the village of L——, and sent her to school. Thus she became a member of the same school with Angelica Stone, and thus were formed those peculiarities, which produced so strong a prejudice against her in Angelica's mind. If she had known her history would she have felt those prejudices? Would she have felt unkindly towards the heart-oppressed orphan?

Let us be careful how we suffer feelings of aversion to rise against any one: the history of that person may be as sad as the history of Susan. How wise the rule to love all men.

About a week after the formation of the resolution of Angelica to overcome her dislike to Susan, her mother said to her, "How do you and Susan get on together now!"

"Pretty well," said Angelica.

"What have you done with respect to her?"

"The next morning after our conversation, I went up to her and bade her good morning, and tried to smile."

"How did she receive you?"

"I thought she would have run away."

"Was she not pleased?"

"O yes, very much pleased."

"If you can make a person happy, for a time, by means of two words and a smile, is it not a cheap way of producing happiness?"

"Yes mamma; and don't you think she has got so that she can say good morning without stammering and blushing, and can bend her head quite gracefully?"

"You feel better towards her?"

"Yes, a great deal."

"You are succeeding so well, suppose



you proceed farther. Don't you think she would be pleased to have you ask her to take a walk, or to come home with you ?”

“Yes mamma, but I can't say I think it would be very pleasant for me to walk with her.”

“No matter. The question is not what will be most pleasant to you, but what will overcome your prejudice, and make her happy.”

Angelica followed her mother's advice. After school she asked Susan to walk with her in the grove. The invitation gave her so much joy, brought so much colour to her wan cheek, and gave such a lustre to her eye, that Angelica could not but sympathise in the happiness she had occasioned. In consequence she herself had a very pleasant walk.

She continued the course of attention and kindness to Susan, and began to feel that esteem was fast taking the place of her former dislike. Then Mrs. Stone told her Susan's history, and then she wept that she had felt indifferent, and unkind towards one who had borne so heavy a



burden in her childhood. She resolved to make all the amends in her power. She increased her attention and kindness towards the lone orphan, and the gratitude thus awakened, caused her to feel towards her a sister's tenderness. She became her constant companion. She caused her to spend many days at her own happy home.

It was astonishing to see the change that kindness and courtesy wrought in the orphan. The rustic incrustation that had settled over her, was soon thrown off. Her natural gracefulness of person and manner was recovered. In elegance of language she soon surpassed Angelica. In fulness of feeling her heart had no superior.

At length Mr. Stone received her as a member of his family, intending to fit her for a teacher. In due time she became a teacher, and happy were the children that were intrusted to her care.

Reader, do you feel unkindly towards any human being? Enter on the work of eradicating that feeling without delay. Each heart has a burden that needs not to be increased by your injustice and cruelty.



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